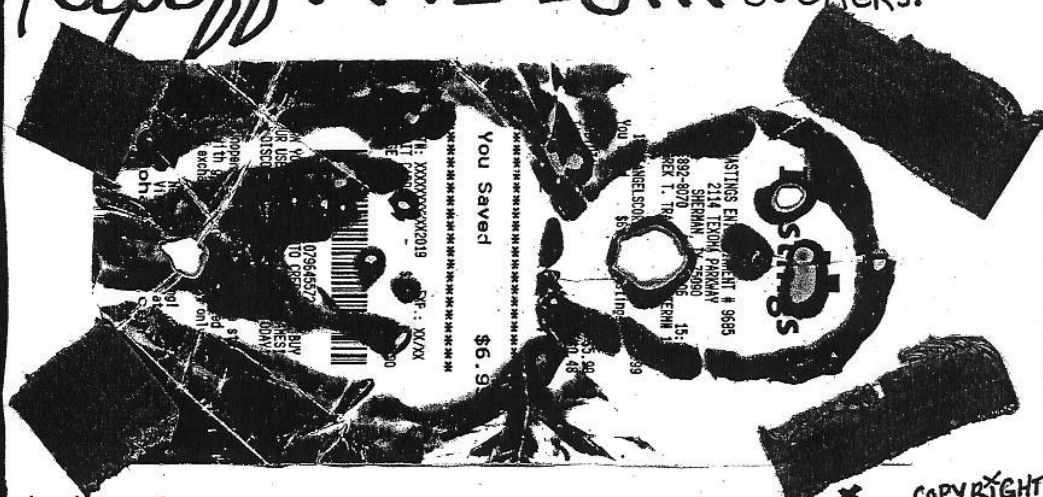




CARL ANTONOWICZ is an english
major at austin college, looking forward
to a lifetime of unemployment.

We
All
Prostitutes
(VOLUME ONE)

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Ripoff. . . 1-18... suckers.



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G.A.P. GENERATION
ROSSLY PATHEIC PERSONS
(2006)

The following is a manifesto of my
GENERATION, those born in the 1980's —

We, your headphoned children,
We, your wordless progeny,
We, your abbreviated heirs,

Choose/will choose/have chosen
To **IGNORE YOU** and everything
that came before you, in favor of the internet,
in favor of cell-phones,
in favor of drinking and
smoking and
snorting and
swallowing and
fucking and
fighting and
eye tripping on the
silicon pills you've
bought for us.

WE have willingly applied
your blood/dumb/dead
your waking **ABORTIONADS**
biological
clones

— THE DARK CLOTHS TO OUR
EYES, THE PLUGS TO
OUR EARS, THE BALLGAGS
TO OUR MOUTHS, THE
BULLETS TO OUR TEMPLES
choosing to perpetuate
HISTORY instead of
learning from it, **SELLING** for
ourselves a chance
to have
EVERYONE
look at us
at our new shirts bearing the marks of
someone else's cleverness



↑ **NEXT PAGE** **8176**

HERE → at our new shoes echoing the styles of the past, at the nice coating of blue



ink on our formerly

bleached blancher BLINDING BRIGHT COLLARS, UNDER FLASHING LIGHTS

WE

your TV-MURDER media addicts

your withering extensions

your cell-phone carrying carriage crawlers

IN DA CLUB



WOULD RATHER BLAST OUT OUR EAR-DRUMS WITH POWERCHORDS

TEAR OUT OUR TONGUES WITH BURGERS AND FRIES, STICK OUR HANDS IN THE GARBAGE DISPOSAL than hear you talk about what the REAL WORLD IS LIKE. ONE MORE TIME

WE

your cracked-out consumers BOX IDIOTS



ALREADY KNOW THIS (BECAUSE MTV TOLD US ALL ABOUT IT) and the only generation GAP we've ever known

is the one in between SAM GOODY and FOLEY'S

and we know exactly when all the sales are, and we've got a friend who can get us the perfect replacement and last week we found the

time on NBC reality running in prime

WE

your IDOL AMERICANS your middle-class materialists

your wide-open but silent GODDAMNIT! HOLD ON A SECOND

Hello?

yeah, yeah, listen I'm kind of in the middle of something here. I'll call you back, ok? Bye.

* by putting my boobs ON TV.

I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT MOTHERFUCKER DECIDED TO CALL ME RIGHT THEN. I MEAN, OF ALL TIMES! NOW WHAT WAS THE LAST LINE THAT I GOT TO..... OH YEAH

↑
We your wide-
open but
silent mouths

are going to suck it
all in.

We're going to draw
the **STARS** down
from the heavens and
make them



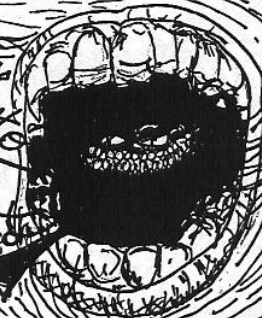
LOOK

at us (something you never had time to do)
and then laugh when they're

↑
We

WITH THE DARKNESS
WITH THE UNTOUCHED
WITHOUT ARE THE GREEN

The **BLACKNESS** that
lives behind our
perfectly STRAIGHT
TEETH



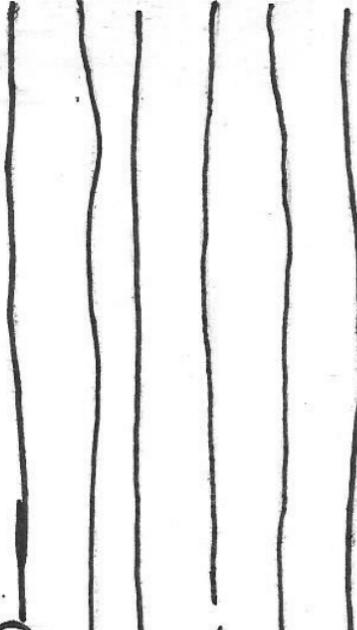
WITH THE DARKNESS
WITH THE UNTOUCHED
WITHOUT ARE THE GREEN
INSIDE OUR SKULLS
WHITENESS BEHIND OUR EYES
LEFT US, ARE THE tabularasa
UNBLEMISHED BREAD BOARDS
PLINKED OUT IN 4/4 BY THE

smooth cranial fat deposits and the
hush little
baby, don't
you cry, you'll
have money till the
day you die

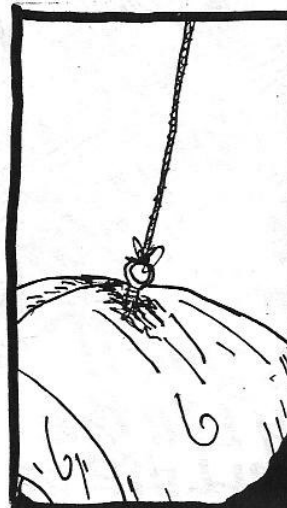
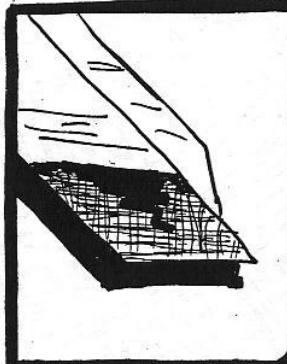
**HEART
Generator**

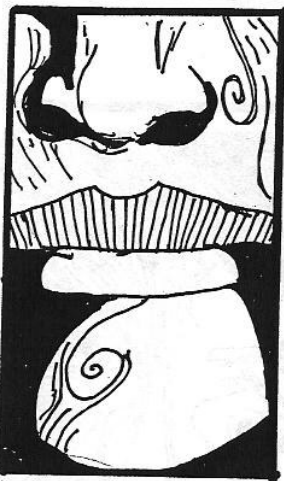
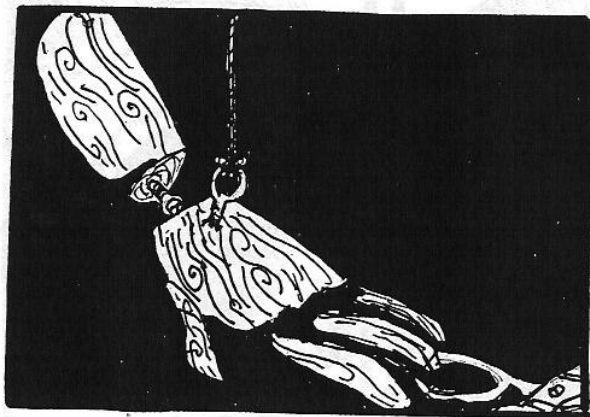
the only lullaby we've
ever known

quite comfortably, thank you, stop our perfectly

A series of seven vertical, slightly wavy lines drawn in black ink, extending from the top of the page down to the start of the title.

STRING
THING
(2004-2006)

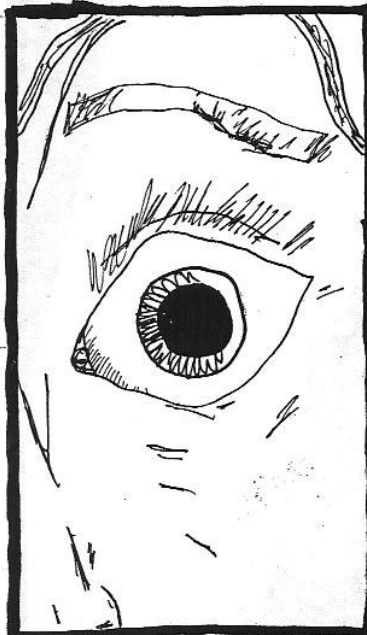
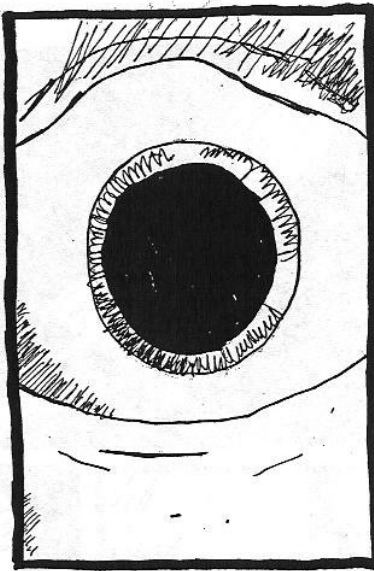
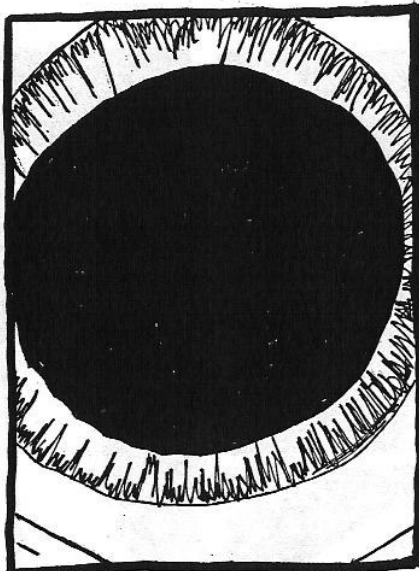
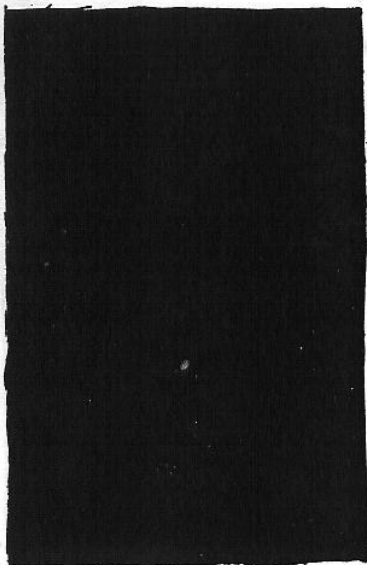




EMPTY

HOUSE

(2004)

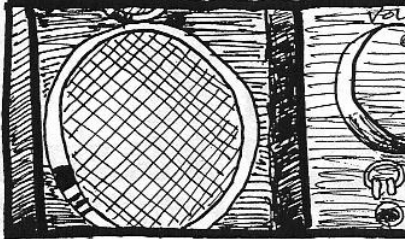


THE EMPTINESS
STARTED IN
MY LIVING ROOM.

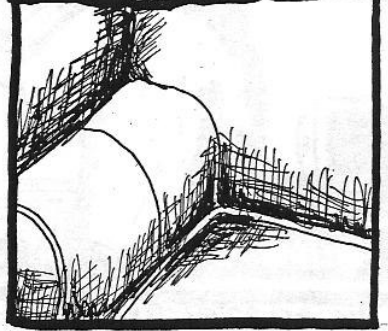
I DON'T MEAN SOME
KIND OF METAPHOR FOR
MY LIFE OR ANYTHING.
NONE OF THAT.
CRAP FOR ME, THANKS...



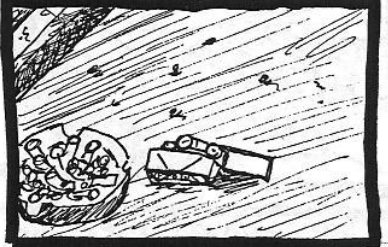
No, I MEAN LIKE ACTUAL,
PHYSICAL EMPTINESS.
LIKE THINGS THAT WERE THERE
JUST STRAIGHT UP NOT
BEING THERE ANY MORE.



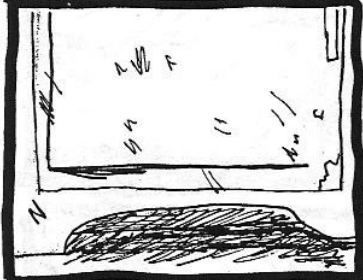
THEY JUST
DISAPPEARED.



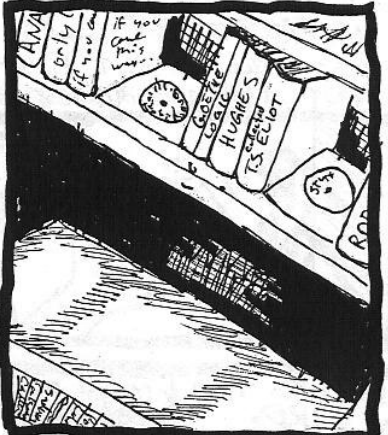
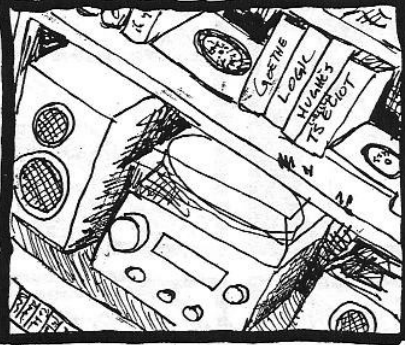
No, NOTHING WAS STOLEN.
IT'S NOT LIKE THERE WAS
BROKEN GLASS ON THE
FLOOR WHEN THIS ALL
STARTED.



DON'T BE STUPID. I
HAVE A SECURITY SYSTEM
INSTALLED. IT WOULD HAVE
GONE OFF IF THE HOUSE
WAS BROKEN INTO.



IT STARTED WHEN
MIKE'S STEREO
DISAPPEARED.



OF COURSE IT
WAS THE FIRST THING
TO GO. THE DAMN THING
WASN'T EVEN MINE.



I WAS BORROWING IT
FROM MIKE FOR A WHILE,
UNTIL I GOT ENOUGH MONEY
TOGETHER TO BUY A NEW
ONE. HE DIDN'T NEED IT, HE
WAS LIVING WITH SARA AT THE
TIME AND SHE HAD A
BETTER ONE ANYWAY.



MERDE!



A FEW WORDS ABOUT MIKE:

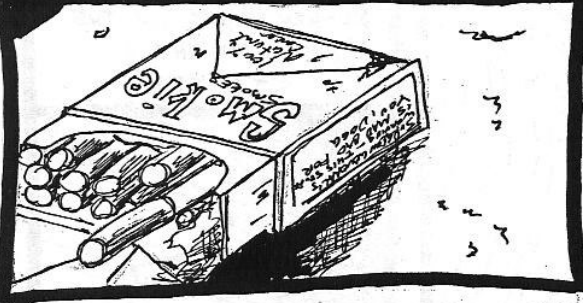


MIKE STARTED OFF AS A PHYSICS STUDENT AT SOME Ivy LEAGUE UNIVERSITY, COLUMBIA MAYBE, UNTIL HE WENT NUTS.



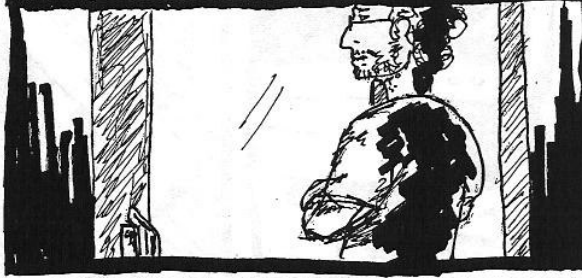
HE STARTED TAKING DRUGS—LIKE ALL THE DRUGS—COKE, X, MUSHROOMS, ACID, ALL THAT STUFF.

THIS ISN'T WHY HE WENT NUTS.



NOW, MIKE WAS PRETTY UNSTABLE TO BEGIN WITH, AND I GUESS SOMETHING JUST PUSHED HIM OVER THE EDGE.

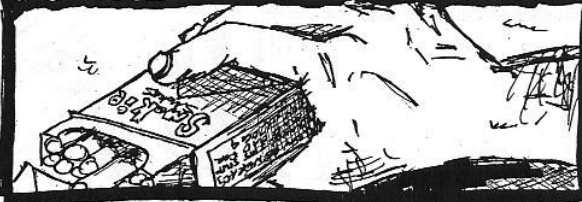
HE TOLD ME IT WAS SOME PHYSICS THING THAT GOT IN HIS HEAD.



I'D KNOWN MIKE FROM HIGH SCHOOL. I LIKED HIM BECAUSE HE WAS UNPREDICTABLE, GOOFY, BUT HE WAS STILL SMART ENOUGH TO OUT-MATH THE BIGGEST NERDS WE HAD.



WE STAYED IN TOUCH AFTER WE WENT OUR SEPARATE WAYS. EVENTUALLY, WE BOTH ENDED UP BACK IN OUR HOMETOWN. WE HUNG OUT ONCE IN AWHILE, BUT I COULDN'T REALLY RELATE TO HIM ANYMORE.



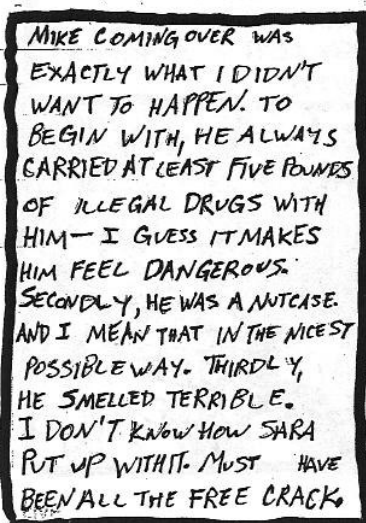
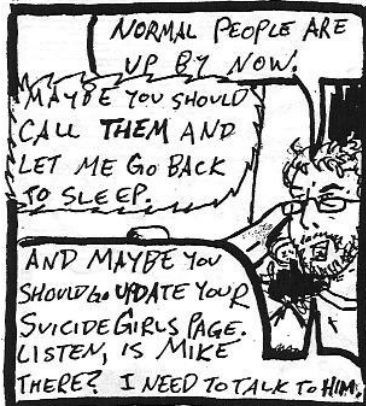
HE WAS TOO WEIRD.



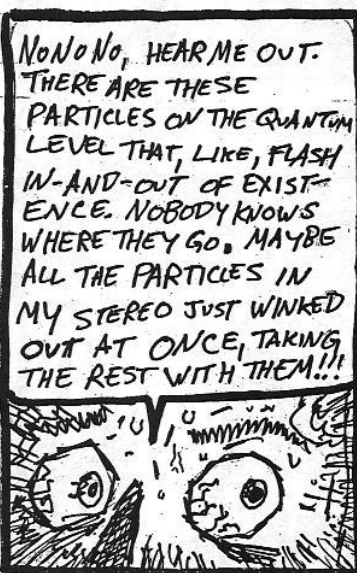
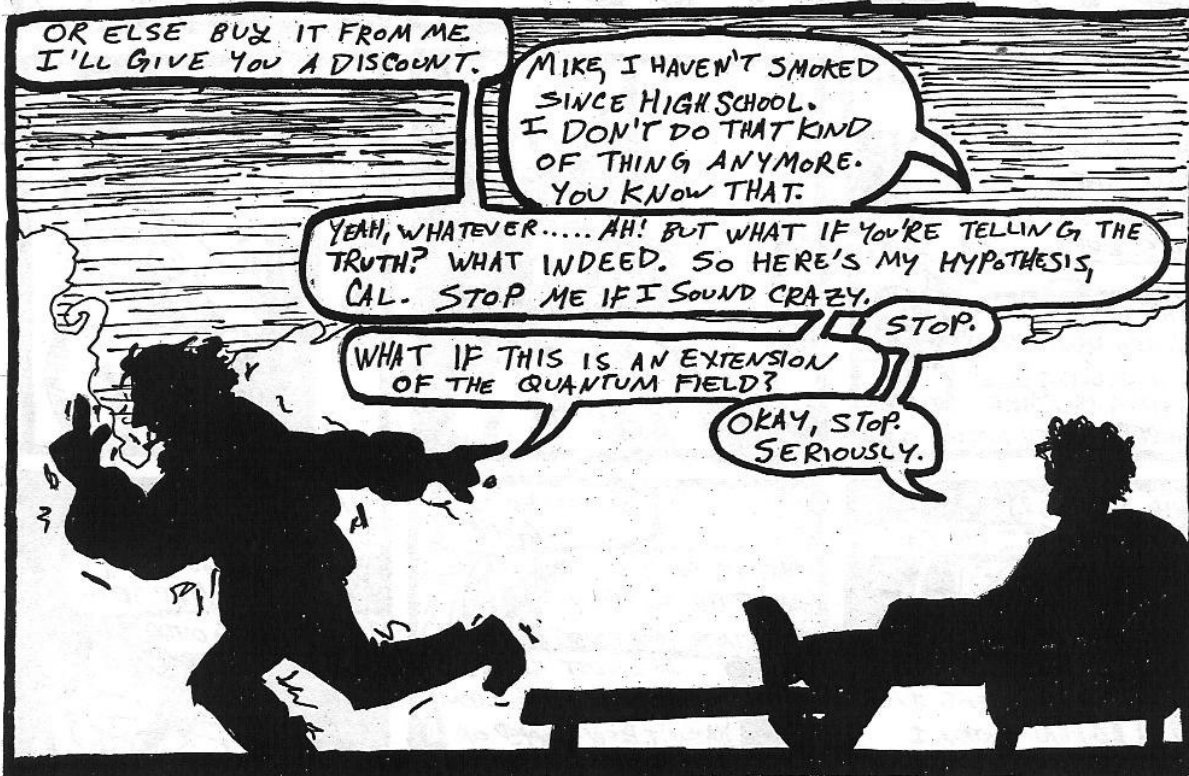
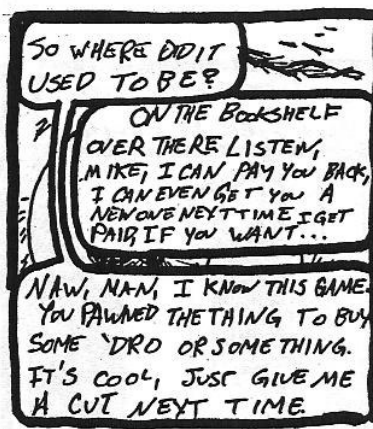
MERDE.



3(10)

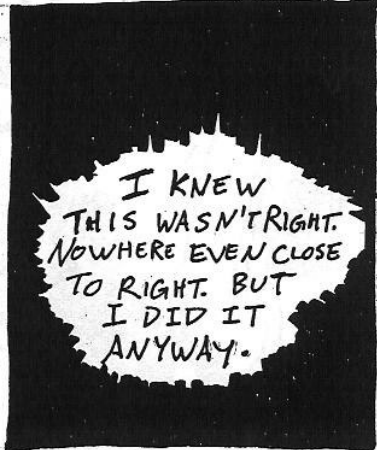


4C115





SARA WAS MIKE'S GIRL-FRIEND, I THINK. I WAS NEVER REALLY SURE OF THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN THEM. IF THEY WERE TOGETHER, IT MUST HAVE BEEN BIZARRE. MIKE SMELLED TERRIBLE AND DRESSED LIKE A HOBBO. SARA LOOKED LIKE SHE BELONGED IN A TIM BURTON MOVIE AND ACTED LIKE EDGAR POE WAS STUCK UP HER ASS.



I FELT BAD ABOUT IT FOR A LONG TIME. BUT THEN, BY THE TIME IT GOT DARK, I STARTED THINKING—WHAT DO I HAVE TO FEEL SORRY ABOUT? SHE PROBABLY DOES THIS ALL THE TIME. IF MIKE EVEN IS HER BOYFRIEND, SHE PROBABLY CHEATS ON HIM THREE TIMES A DAY—FOUR TIMES ON SUNDAYS.

THEN I STARTED THINKING ABOUT MIKE. IF HE EVER FOUND OUT ABOUT THIS, HE WOULD SEND SOMEONE TO KILL ME.

BUT THE ONLY WAY HE COULD POSSIBLY FIND OUT IS THROUGH SARA. WOULD SHE TELL HIM ABOUT THIS? WAS SHE THAT DERANGED?

AND WHY ARE THINGS DISAPPEARING IN MY HOUSE ANYWAY? ARE MIKE AND SARA JUST SCREWING WITH ME? AND SPEAKING OF SCREWING, HOW DID THIS HAPPEN ANYWAY? WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO ABOUT THIS? THEY DON'T WRITE HOW-TO BOOKS ON THIS SORT OF THING—HOW TO BETRAY THE DRUG DEALER YOU'VE KNOWN SINCE HIGH SCHOOL?



I'M HUNGRY.

YEAH?

YEAH.

I DON'T THINK I HAVE ANY FOOD IN THE HOUSE... DO YOU WANT ME TO ORDER PIZZA?

WHAT DO YOU WANT ON IT?

YEAH, THAT SOUNDS GOOD.

JUST CHEESE, I GUESS.

FOR DELIVERY, PLEASE.



TEN FIFTY.

OKAY, HOLD ON A SEC, LET ME GET MY WALLET.

CAN'T COME INSIDE? IT'S COLD OUT.



SURE.



DING DONG THAT'S PROBABLY THE PIZZA.

YEAH.

ARE YOU GONNA LET HIM IN OR WILL I HAVE TO?





9
(16)

